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THE LAMENTATION OF A Bad Market:

OR,

Knaves and *Fools* foully foyled, and fallen into a pit of their own digging: Wherein their late Errors are lamentingly laid down by one of the Brethren of that Function.

Snatcht from their *Convention Table*,

AND

Publiſhed to the end, that againſt the next time the People ſhall be either ſo Mad or Fooliſh to believe them, or truſt them, they may learn more wit, and proceed more gradually, and not ſo much to *Phaetonize*.

When Thieves fall out, honeſt Men come by their Goods again.

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THE LAMENTATION OF A Bad Market.

Friends and Brethren,

THE cauſe of this Convention of the Saints, is to condole and lament our great and manifold Loſſes and Croſſes have beſet us, and compaſſed us round about, to the utter overthrow of our great and glorious Cauſe, and our ſelves and Honours likewiſe. This day is not to be obſerved as hitherto have been, for Victories and Triumphs over our Enemies, but to be kept as a ſolemn day of Expoſtulation, wherein we muſt with grief, and ſighs, and ſobs, and bitterneſs of ſpirit, round up our Maſter for his perfidious leaving of us, and dealings toward us. Why ſhould he thus reward his Saints with evil for good? We that have ſought the advancement of his Kingdom both night and day, by Plots, Devices, Stratagems, Fire, Ruines, Blood, all that either we, or he himſelf to help us, could invent; and that yet he ſhould forſake us, cuts our very hearts, ſo that ſcarcely for anguiſh of ſpirit ſhall we be able to look him in the face.

Let us ſee and examine our ſelves, what we think may be the reaſons of his late withdrawing from us, and his cancelling of our Commiſſions in ſuch ſtrange and unexpected man-

ner: Was it becauſe we proceeded too raſhly in the Rule and Governing of his Kingdoms, and flocked too throngingly to the Throne of Dignity, thereby to ſhorten, not prolong his Reign on Earth? or for that we have been too mindful of private Intereſt? or what ſhould be the reaſons of his thus eclipſing our *Grandeur*, think ye, my Brethren? Oh *Lucifer! Lucifer!* why haſt thou forſaken us, and left thine own people in the day of Adverſity? Why wilt thou not continue thy wonted goodneſs to thy choſen ones? but ſuffer them thus to be trodden under, and inſulted over by the Enemies of both thy Cauſe and ours, by both thy Enemies and our Enemies? Thou canſt not ſay thou haſt ever found us unfaithful to thee in our Calling and Imployments; and wherefore then haſt not thou protected us, and taken away that black vail which hath covered our eyes, but ſuffered us thus to be beſotted and beguiled? Well, ſeeing it is thus, we are reſolved to be angry with thee; and if we were but certain of making our eſcapes out of that Gin, Net and Trap thou haſt caught us in, we could almoſt abandon thy Banners, under which we have thus long fought. Why haſt thou thus painted and beſported the immaculate Garments and White Robes of thine Elect with the duſt of the earth?

Oh Brethren! that we had but had the policy of the Monks, then ſhould not we have been reduced to that low ebbe which now we are. Friends, ſeeing we have begun, let us ſearch our ſelves to the bottom, and recount what we were in the dayes of old: Were not we the deſpiſed of the Nation? Were not we contented with the meaneſt Cottages to cover our heads, the like Food to ſuſtain our ſelves, and the pooreſt Weeds to clothe our ſelves? In thoſe dayes we took no thought, neither were our heads buſied with National Occurrances, the Secrets of Kingdoms, Kings and Princes, the acquaintance of Powers, and Exerciſe of Powers, Ruling and Dominion, Governments in Church and State? Our chiefeſt cover and buſineſs then were to get bread to feed our ſelves, and Clothes to cover our nakedneſs, and to become

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the beſt Workmen in the ſeveral Trades and Occupations our Fathers gave us education in, as Thimble-makers, Razor-makers, Taylors, Coblers, Carpenters, Weavers, Brewers Pedlers, and ſuch like Vocations: Then were we happy, m friends, and lived in peace, ſucking Conſolation and Nouriſhment from the Pottage-pot, Beef and Bag-pudding. O that we had never known or been inſtructed in the Rudiments of Ambition, but had delighted in the Precepts of Content! O that our Maſter had never charmed us into an aſpiring vain, unleſs withall he had given us more ſober and politick heads, for the management of our Affairs of ſuch a vaſt Circumference! O what fools were we, that when we had mounted two or three ſteps, and with the fatning Coniolation of a ſuteable portion of Kings Lands, Queens, Biſhops, Deans and Chapters, and other Sequeſtred Lands and Eſtates, as were allotted unto us, we could not reſt contented there, but muſt ſtill be fluttering with our ambitious Wings at the Helm, and nothing will ſatisfie Coblers and Brewers, but Crowns and Sceprers. We might have taken our Brother the *Neapolitane Maſſionello's* Chance into our conſideration, which (it may be) if our ambitious eyes had not been dazled with the glittering hopes of Gold and Honour, but that we could have had a ſerious reflexion on the ſame, would have given ſome check to our haughtineſs, and a Rein to our furious current. But we (like, *Icarus*) muſt mount, and ſtand in competition with the Sun, till that he melts the Wings of our Ambition like wax, and plunges our brazen faces into the deeps: Nothing but *Phaetons* requeſt will give ſatisfaction unto us, and I think we have ſeconded him indifferent wel, to our own ſorrow and deſtruction.

O that we had trodden the path that our good Maſter *Oliver* left behinde him! and that the *Fleetwoods* had not dealt ſo raſhly with his ſucceſſor in diſinthronizing him, and in time queſtionleſs we might have charmed him by the Spiritual converſations of *Goodwyn*, *Sterrey* and *Peters*, into a fit compoſure, and tempered conſtitution to have preſerved us in our

ſeveral

ſeveral mounted Stations, as his father had done before him. O that the Hopes of the *Fleetwoods* had not been ſo mighty, and the Ambition of the *Lamberts* ſo great! then, even in this day, might we have been wallowing in our fat Livings, as the *Sow wallowеth in the mire*; but now we cannot, with the *Dog, return to his vomit*. O that we had had but ſo much wit as to have avoided the long Treaties, tedious Meetings and Prolongations in the terrible ſeaſon which the politick *Monck* put upon us. Had we well noted that State-Aphoriſm (*viz.*) *Delayes breed Danger*, then had we not been in this drooping and low eſtate we are reduced unto. But we were confident in the arm of our ſtrength, and did not dread or fear the Enemies that were riſen up againſt us and our Cauſe: All the care we took was to provide bags to part the ſpoil of another Sequeſtration, but now our bags are rent from us.

How much would we now give, to have had then a ſpirit of fore-ſeeing and fore-knowing; then ſurely we ſhould, if not with victory, have come off with a complying *Plaudite*, and not with ſuch a hiſsing Reproach as is attributed unto us. Friends, to ſee how we have been fooled, is doleful and ſoul-cutting to rehearſe; for whilſt we ſtand ſcuffling, fighting, ſtrugling, ſnarling, and contemning for the Bone, the Owner watches his opportunity, and comes and ſnatcheth away the Meat from us, and leaves us to eat each other for hunger, and in a far worſe eſtate than at the beginning. Truly, friends, we are in a very ſad condition, and have brought our Hogs to a very fair Market, but have made but a foul price of them I'll aſſure you. Now the people have found out what we are, and what way all our actions bent their courſe, now that our Cauſe is quite ſplit, and our Honour laid in the duſt, our acts of Injuſtice laid open before them, they will ſtone us if we paſs along the ſtreets. We have received the Mark of the Beaſt in our foreheads, and the very Children will ſmell us out, even as the Cat doth the Mouſe, and hunt us up and down more than ever they did *Marriot*: So that to ſtay here, we dare not, for fear of the Judge who is at the door, and will re-

reward every one according to their ſeveral deeds, whether good or evil, for him or againſt him. And to fly into Foreign Nations, will be far worſe than to abide here; for there the very ſtones in the ſtreet will riſe up againſt, and accuſe ſuch vile Traytors as we, and we ſhall be murthered like ſo many Dogs. Men and Brethren, what ſhall we do?—— In my judgement, our onely way is to march under the ſeveral Banners of our Profeſsions, and ſeveral Occupations, Trades and Vocations, to meet our Landlord, and cry *Peccavimus* with Halters inriching our Necks. O beloved, that in this our day of Adverſity, we were become, as once, honeſt Thimble-makers, Cutlers, Coblers, Brewers, Taylors, Carpenters, Weavers, Tinkers! then ſhould we take quiet ſleeps, then would not fears and dangers in the nights alarm us, and rowſe us from our pillows: Now we ſhall be ſubject unto continual fears, ever expecting and looking for a Meſſenger to be ſent unto us, to call us to an accompt, by our Landlords order: We have broken the Covenants in our Leaſes, and have ſuffered his Lands and Tenements to be run over with ruine; we have forfeited for non-payment of Rent, Service, Homage and Fealty, againſt Law and Equity, and a ſtrong Covenant in our Leaſes to that purpoſe: We have prohibited his entrance to view the ſtate of the reparations of his Meſſuages, Lands and Tenements: We have perſecuted and killed his Servants and Friends, whom for that purpoſe he has ſo often ſent unto us; And what can ye name that we have not done? Finally, Brethren, what accompt ſhall we give of our Stewardſhip? and which of us ſhall have that impudent boldneſs as to look him in the face? Whether ſhall we fly for refuge, or unto whom for protection? The ſight of the King will cut us like a two-edged Sword; who ſhall abide his preſence? We have digged a pit, and are fallen into it our ſelves: how ſhall we then eſcape? we have invented and prepared miſchief for others, and it is returned upon our own pates: Who ſhall pity us? who ſhall ſave us? who ſhall deliver us?

Now

Now thou our ſtrength hath left us all,
For people to deride our fall:
Our wicked actings great and ſmall,
Shall condemn us ith' Judgement-hall.
Ambitious wings are melted,
Our Honour with dirt is pelted,
And we are left beſmelted,
'Cauſe we muſt needs be Belted.
Oh! that as firſt we did begin
With a Coblers Awl, and a Taylors Pin;
With Carpenters Rule, Brewers Sling,
Weavers Trade, Pedlers Pack,
Tinkers Budget, Millers Sack:
We could but now go work again,
All in our priſtine Trades amain:
O then how happy ſhould we be,
If of our Honour we were free,
And could but cry, *God Trading ſend,*
And grant us Peace unto

THE END.

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